

Blue Sunday
Number

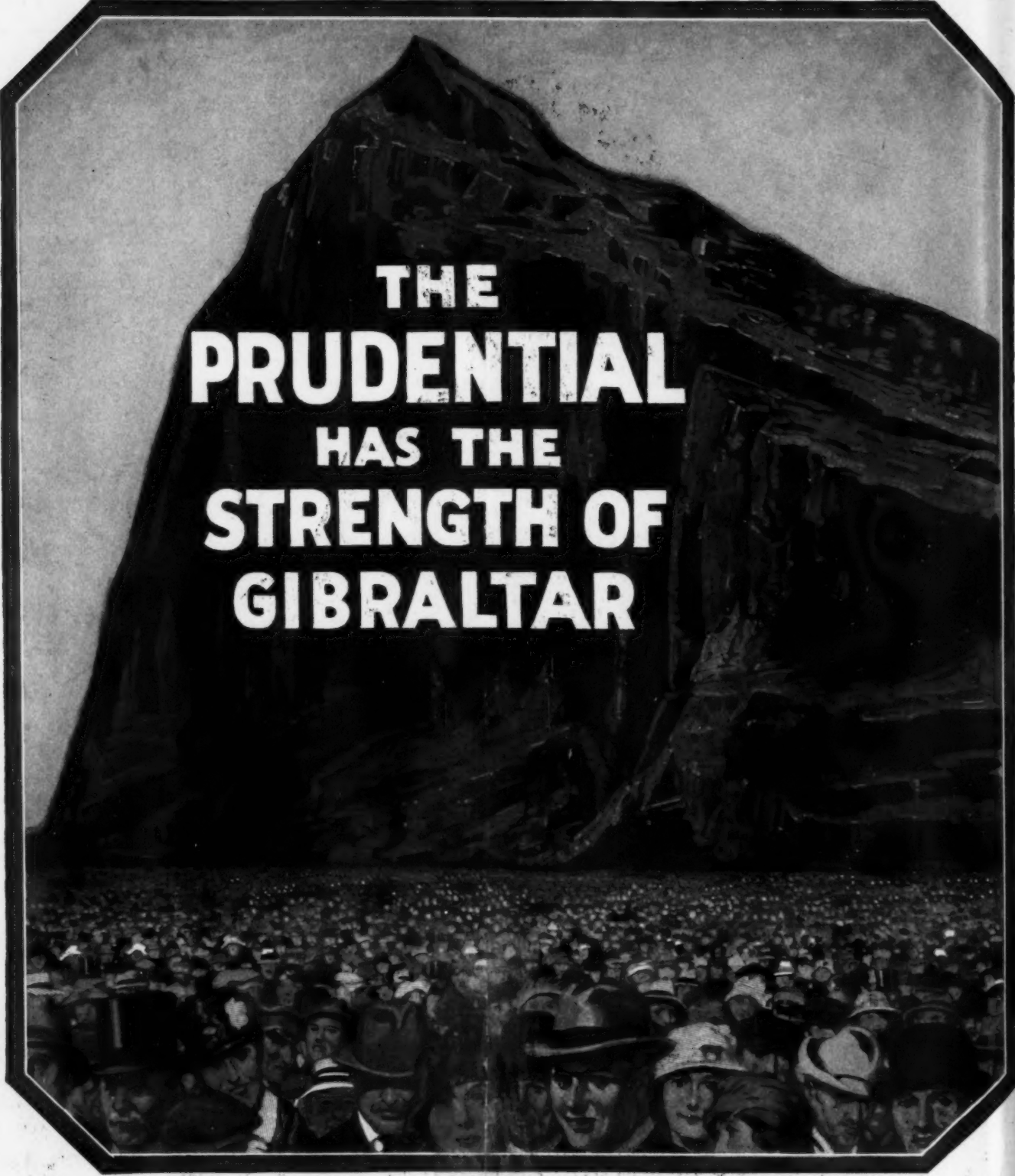
Life

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JANUARY 20, 1921

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by day and evening



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AND SHOPS

Books Received

Life of Lord Kitchener, by Sir George Arthur. (The Macmillan Company.)

Chuckles, by J. C. Alden. (Marshall Jones Company.)

Golf for Beginners—and Others, by Marshall Whitlatch. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Toll of the Sands, by Paul De Laney. (Smith-Brooks Company, Denver.)

The Geography of the World War and the Peace Treaties, by Frank M. McMurry. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Little Playbook, by Katharine Lord. (Duffield & Co.)

The Lure of the Manor, by Gertrude Griffiths. (Duffield & Co.)

Czechoslovak Stories. Translated by Sar-ka B. Hrbkova. (Duffield & Co.)

TO PROTECT



At night—an intruding cough or cold, a sore throat or hoarseness is soon relieved by Piso's. It can gain no foothold and become serious, if yours is one of the million homes that keeps Piso's always within reach on the medicine shelf.

35c at your druggist's

PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

Accidental Discharge is Impossible because of these Colt Safety features

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
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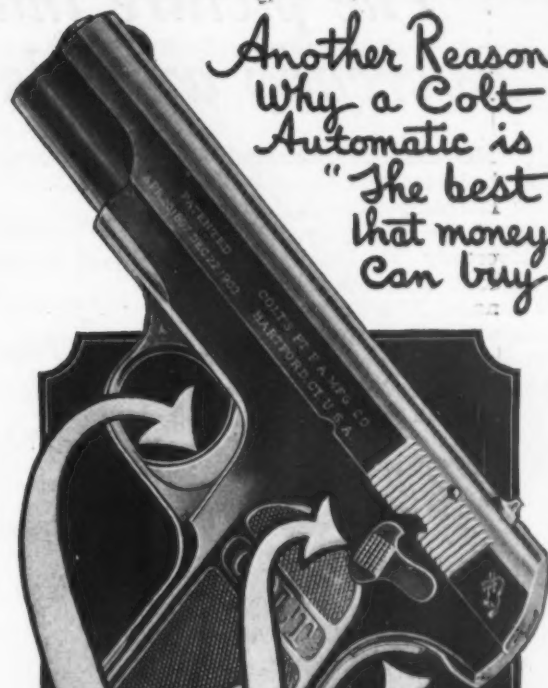
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Colt's Automatic Pistols

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COLT'S

FIRE ARMS

Another Reason
Why a Colt
Automatic is
"The best
that money
can buy"



Another Child Actress

MRS. BLUFF (a popular pauper): Now, Fanny, what'll yer say when I takes yer into the kind lady's drorin'-room?

FANNY (thoughtfully proficient): Oh, that's an easy one. I'll put on a bewtiful lorst look an' say, "Muvver, this is 'eaven!"

—Punch.

The Proper Thing

CADDIE: Which club will you try, sir?

GOLFER (whose ball has vanished down a rabbit hole): Give me one shaped like a ferret.—Boston Transcript.

EUROPE 1921

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The picture that made millions wonder Eveready awards \$10,000.00 in cash prizes

HUNDREDS of Thousands of answers were received to the Eveready Contest Problem, "What Does The Letter Say?" The picture was displayed during June and July, 1920, in Eveready Dealers' stores throughout the United States and Canada. Eveready now announces the names of the 104 Prize Winners.

Limited space does not permit of printing all of the winning answers. The replies which the judges have selected for first,

second and third prizes are printed herewith, as well as the names of all prize-winning contestants.

The Editors of Life judged the answers and, from thousands of interesting solutions, selected those submitted by the following winners as showing the greatest excellence.

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
of National Carbon Company, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

National Carbon Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal.
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First Prize \$3,000.00 won by C. W. FOWLER

Louisville, Ky.

His answer: "Danger lurks where darkness lies
Till driven back by Daylo's eyes."

Second Prize \$1,000.00 won by BERNICE V. BROWN

Cambridge, Mass.

Her answer: "Death has a thousand doors
which a Daylo shuts and locks."

Third Prize \$500.00 won by S. L. WRIGHT

New Albany, Ind.

His answer: "We miners demand Daylos like sample—
then our widows won't need indemnities."

Prizes also awarded as follows:

Other \$500.00 Prize-Winners

Emma Engleman, Montrose, Colo.
Mrs. H. Langlois, London, Ont., Canada

\$250.00 Prize-Winners

Henry Bonner, Columbus, Ga.
L. N. Morgan, Philadelphia, Pa.
William M. Tanner, Cambridge, Mass.
Earl Williams, New Albany, Ind.

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Mrs. Chas. H. Bland, Ottawa, Canada
Thomas H. Gill, Deadwood, S. D.
M. T. Gans, Owensboro, Ky.
Anna V. Murray, Jersey City, N. J.

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Walton H. Griffith, Athens, Ga.
Mrs. Walter E. Griswold, Framingham, Mass.
Miss Lois Halderman, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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H. R. Loosley, East St. Louis, Ill.
F. E. Mehrings, Peoria, Ill.
Wm. C. Motteram, Philadelphia, Pa.
I. Foster Moore, Bridgeport, Conn.
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C. W. Simpson, Jamestown, N. Y.
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Maurice T. Baker, Indianapolis, Ind.
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Lester D. Chirgwin, Ansonia, Conn.
Russell E. Copeland, Mansfield, Ohio
Robert J. Davidson, Toronto, Canada
G. W. Dover, Calgary, Alberta, Canada
J. Edward Elliott, Stratford, Conn.
Miss L. N. Elliott, Nashville, Tenn.
Favre Gould, Brighton, Ill.
Mary E. Groff, Redondo Beach, Cal.
C. I. Ingalls, Somerville, Mass.
Edward R. Isaak, Eureka, S. D.
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Gertrude McDevitt, Boise, Idaho
C. H. Meadowcroft, Bounton, N. J.
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Rene Surette, Moncton, N. B., Canada
T. Harry Thompson, East Orange, N. J.

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J. J. Atherton, Kelowna, B. C., Canada
Miss Adelaide M. Buckenham, Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Anna Lincoln Busby, Boston, Mass.
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Helen Collison, Banff, Alberta, Canada
Mrs. Mildred H. Comfort, Stillwater, Minn.

\$10.00 Prize-Winners (continued)

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W. B. Engle, Sioux Falls, S. D.
A. D. Evert, Hazleton, Pa.
Wm. C. Ferris, Fredonia, N. Y.
G. Fulton, Washington, D. C.
Francis H. Gillespie, Moncton, N. B., Canada
J. A. L. Glaze, Vidalia, Ga.
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Ena Green, Little Rock, Ark.
John E. Guernsey, Buena Park, Calif.
Mrs. A. L. Guitar, St. Joseph, Mo.
Garrard Harris, Birmingham, Ala.
Frank K. Hills, Fort Wayne, Ind.
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A. L. Mahoney, Detroit, Mich.
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W. S. McKee, Troy, N. Y.
Mrs. John MacMahan, Vineland, N. J.
E. M. Miller, Winston-Salem, N. C.
C. S. Moeslein, Harrisburg, Pa.
Elsie T. Nicholson, Batavia, Ill.
G. Noake, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada
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EVEREADY

The Light that says, "There it is!"

With long lived Eveready Batteries



What did the letter say?

EVEREADY

The Light that says, "There it is!"

Eveready Batteries Fit all Flashlights



"Thou Shalt Not Kill"

Read and Obey

Put on your TIRE CHAINS

at the first drop of rain

Above are photographic reproductions of the front cover and first page of the booklet containing the *motor laws and traffic regulations of the New York Police Department*.

For the purpose of lessening automobile accidents, patrolmen acting under orders stopped and inspected every car and handed a copy of this booklet to each driver.

Weed Tire Chains

*Necessary in New York for the protection of drivers and pedestrians —
Equally necessary in your town.*

are manufactured by American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut



READ—OBEY

Remember the A B C of motoring:
ALWAYS BE CAREFUL.

Slow down at street intersections. It may save a human life.

Examine your brakes and steering gear before leaving your garage.

Lock your car if you must leave it. This may prevent it from being stolen.

Parking for hours will get you a summons with consequent loss of time and money.

License plates must be clean and placed so they can be easily read.

Chains and good tires will help prevent accidents. Use them.

The law requires lights on your car. See that they are in good condition. "I didn't know" is a poor excuse.

Do not use a horn or whistle that frightens pedestrians and horses, and annoys sick or nervous people. Unnecessary noise is a nuisance and will cause your arrest. There is a wide difference between a warning and a noise nuisance.

Learn the hand signals, and always signal before starting, making a turn, or coming to a stop.

If you drive a slow moving vehicle, keep near the right hand curb.



Our Program

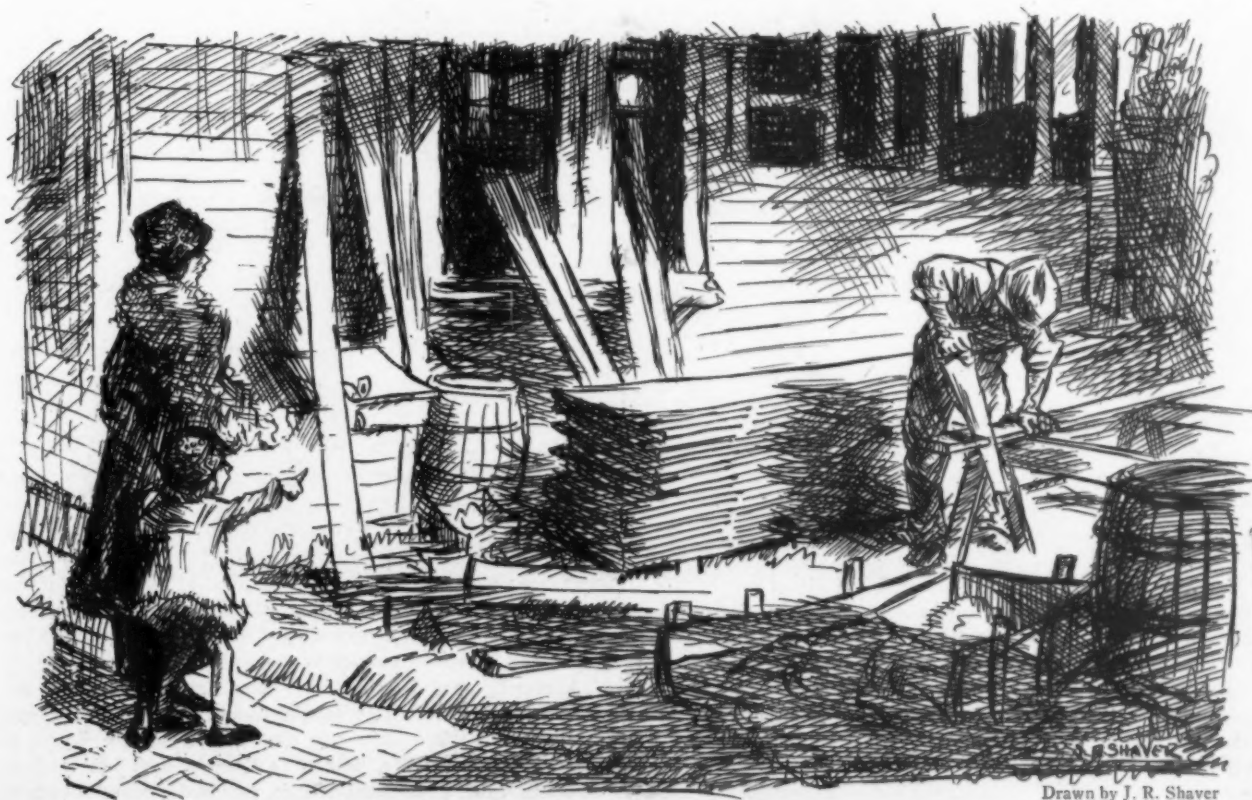
HAVING squelched the noisy frolics
Of those wicked alcoholics
By prohibiting the liquor that is strong,
We shall harry that provoking,
Soul-destroying vice of Smoking;
For it's pleasant, and what's pleasant must be wrong.

When we've censored clothes and dishes
And have gratified the wishes
Of the Bourgeoisie and Pro-le-tar-i-at

For a Puritanic Sunday,
We'll extend it over Monday
So that everyone may have enough of that.

When we've put in stocks and fetters
Sport and Pastime, Art and Letters,
And have extirpated jollity and mirth,
By an act of legislature
We'll abolish Human Nature,
And a race of Prigs shall dominate the earth.

Arthur Guiterman.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

"OH, LOOK, MOTHER, THERE'S A MAN SAWING WOOD ON SUNDAY."

The Calendar

IN those delicious days we spent together
The hurried calendar would shed its leaves
Like apple blossoms which a windy weather
Of every petal every stem bereaves.

Now we're apart, and letters to and fro
Rather rekindle longing, than assuage—
As thistles grip their spears through storm and snow,
It clings a month to every daily page.

Rupert Hughes.

And Why Not, After All?

IS it not possible that the critics of the Blue Sunday have failed to grasp either its real meaning or its ultimate possibilities? They assume that, by taking the joy out of life for one day in the week, we are thus blotting out a regularly recurring period in which there is opportunity for wholesome recreation. That is fairly obvious.

But let us look at the indigo affair from another standpoint.

This is not only an age of efficiency but of specialization. By concentrating upon a particular thing at regular times, and not permitting it to scatter itself over the intervals, we save many lost motions.

The Blue Sunday offers a magnificent occasion for accomplishing this cheerful result. We are then not occupied with other affairs. We have no business to attend to. The entire day is before us in which to be as utterly miserable as we like. With a little training we can put a whole week's worry into it, saving ourselves up the rest of the time. On other days in the week we are all so busy that we cannot worry as we should. Just as you begin to sob and mutter to yourself and wring your hands, somebody comes along and interrupts you and takes all the gloom out of life. You never can do complete justice even to the ablest of grouches when you have to work as hard as most of us do. It is extremely unfair not to give worry a chance.

Let us, therefore, make an appointment with each of our particular troubles for the first Blue Sunday. By dividing the whole day into sections you should be able to dispose of a whole week's output of general despair and melancholy in one day.

Thus everybody would be cheerful and frisky on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

A Literary Nightmare

(After spending an evening in reading the reports of a session of a woman's club, a political address and a short story.)

I FOUND myself going by leaps and bounds, meticulously viewing with alarm the great crisis now confronting us as a nation. However, and be that as it may, I promptly flicked the ashes from my cigarette and went up to a strangely beautiful lady who was talking slang. She immediately gestured. My breath coming in short gasps, I heard in the nick of time the voice of a chairman who said, "She needs no introduction," after which he sank back in my arms murmuring, "We have with us

to-night." Plunging rapidly onward, I came to a vital measure who grabbed me and shouted, "Is it hot enough for you?" to which I promptly replied, "It is a great pleasure for me to be here this evening," which seemed to mollify the vital measure — but just then a magazine editor came along and said, "Are you experiencing any reactions?" I sank into his arms, concealing my vivid blushes. . . .

A woman was bending over me with her cool hand on my hot forehead.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am a trained nurse," she replied. "They reported that you were raving in your sleep like a best seller. You'll get back to normalcy in a week or so—old dear!"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ENTER THE PAPA OF THE BLUE LAWS

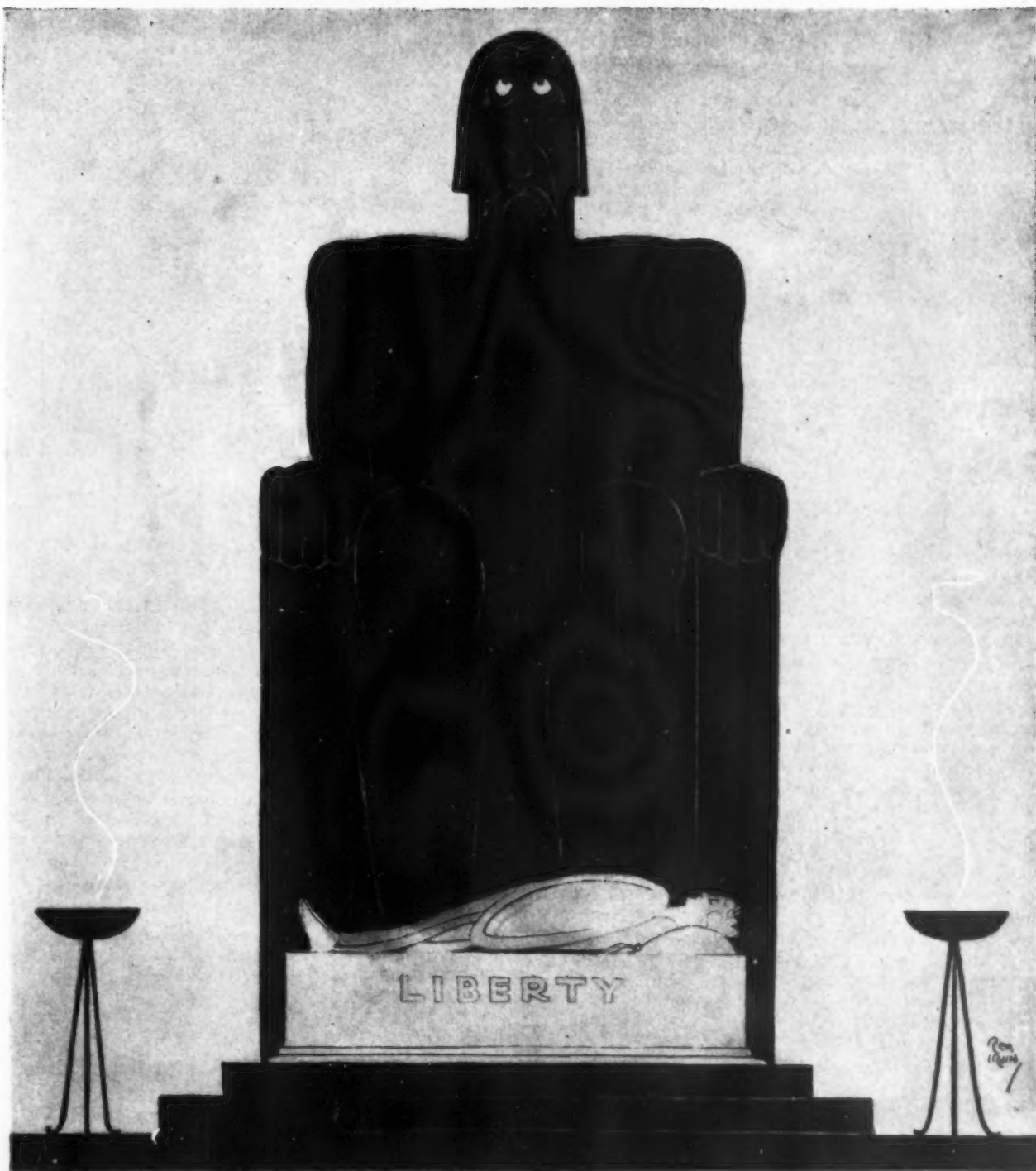
Said Beelzebub: "Welcome below!
You have aided me more than you know.
The Blue Laws are swell,
They have surely raised hell—
My business is booming. What ho!"

A NEW SIMILE—
One moment you see it and then it's gone,
like a flask.

An Idea

RECENTLY the London *Athenaeum*, in discoursing about our magazines, declared that in that middle ground between the highest and the lowest, American magazines were superior to the English, but that England produced better best ones and worse (Shakespeare is responsible for the use of this word) worse ones. The reason stated for this is that there are better writers in England who demand less pay than our own more luxurious knights of the typewriter.

A remedy may be that when any American displays any literary talent he shall be caught young enough and imported to England. When after due time he has become inured to the simple literary life, he can be brought back here and set to work, tethered in some village, removed from the temptations of yachts and limousines, and thus become a pioneer in helping us to produce a literature.



Drawn by Rea Irvin

"The Sunday Rest bill will pass in Congress. I have done the hard work, the preliminary work on the measure, and if a few ministers can't finish the work and see that the bill becomes a law, it's a pity."
—Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, in *New York World*.

The Great God Gloom.

Senator Sounder, the Farmer's Friend

LIFE'S Famous Correspondent Defends His Relief Bill

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

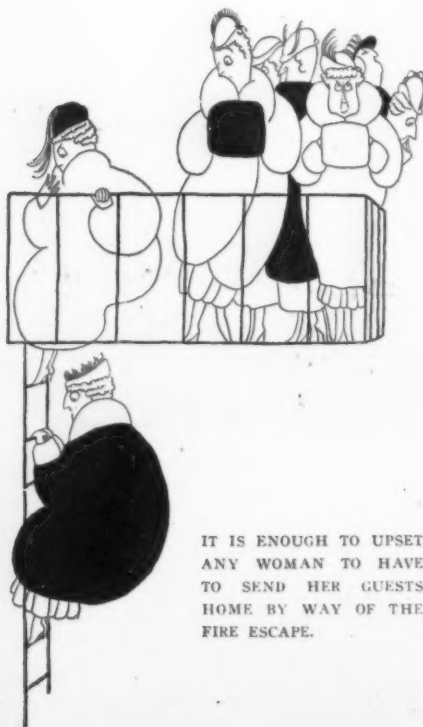
Special Correspondence

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Congress has been very busy of late in relieving the American farmer. Owing, I suppose, to the war, or Wilsonism, or the League of Nations, the poor farmer is in a very pitiable condition. This was news to me, but most of my colleagues seem to think that he is in about as bad a way as an Armenian refugee. I remember now that deflation is said to have helped to get him that way. Just as he was getting ready to sell his unusually bumper crops, deflation knocked prices galley-west, and of course the farmer was badly hit.

Now according to my reasoning, if his crops had not been so big he would not have lost so heavily. Supposing that deflation has knocked one cent off the price of each apple; then on a crop of 693,541 apples the farmer would have lost 693,541 cents or \$6,935.41. Pray correct me if I am wrong. Now if he had raised only 282,405 apples he would have lost only \$2,824.05—a saving to him of \$4,111.36.

It seems to me, therefore—and I have embodied my idea in the Sounder Farmer's Relief Bill—that a law prohibiting bumper crops will strike at the very root of the evil. To my surprise, Senator Gronna, of North Dakota, and Senator Walsh, of Montana, who have both been active in behalf of the farmer, do not look with much favor on my measure. Jealousy, perhaps.

Besides my bill, there are some two dozen or more bills, petitions and resolutions on the same subject before the Senate, so there seems to be a fair chance that the farmer will get some relief, and we may be able to eat next year after all. To speak the truth, I am rather uneasy over the situation. In fact, when Senator



IT IS ENOUGH TO UPSET ANY WOMAN TO HAVE TO SEND HER GUESTS HOME BY WAY OF THE FIRE ESCAPE.

Hoke Smith pictured the deserted farms next year, the unplowed fields and the empty dinner tables, I became so nervous that I not only voted for his bill but telephoned to the grocer and had twenty-four cases of canned goods sent home. I believe in being forehanded.

Unfortunately for me, Mrs. Sounder did not take my prudent action in good part. The cases arrived during a small tea that my wife was giving to the ladies of the diplomatic corps. Our apartment at the Wardman Park—where we are staying while our house on R Street is being re-decorated—is small, and there was no place, apparently, to put the order. The man rudely refused to carry the twenty-four cases downstairs again and deliver them at a more opportune time, and after a rather lively altercation he left them standing in the front hall. All that was bad enough, but when later the guests tried to depart they found that the cases completely blocked the front door. Moreover, the janitor was out and there was no one to move them. I admit that it is enough to upset any woman who has any feeling for the social niceties to have to send her guests—all ladies of the diplomatic corps—home by way of the fire escape. But enough of my domestic troubles.

There is an even greater calamity than lack of food ahead of us, if the farmers don't get relief. My sense of delicacy



SENATORS GRONNA AND WALSH DO NOT LOOK WITH FAVOR ON MY MEASURE.

makes me somewhat reluctant to mention the matter, but still I think that we ought all of us to face the facts. One of my colleagues—I think it was Senator Smith, of South Carolina—pointed out that the South raises the cotton that clothes the world, that if we do not help the cotton planters they will be unable to plant a crop next year and the world will go naked. I must confess that that statement came as a shock to me. It's almost more than the mind can grasp! Think of going to business, to teas, to dances in that condition.

The Sounder Farmer's Relief Bill has just been put to vote and beaten—95 to 1.

Senator Sounder.



I MUST CONFESS THAT SENATOR SMITH'S STATEMENT CAME AS A SHOCK TO ME.



Drawn by Boardman Robinson

MORNING SESSION OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF SUNDAY RECREATION

Whereas, It is the sense of this meeting that, at lamentably frequent intervals, some gleams of sunshine have brightened the homes of the American people, therefore be it

Resolved, That hereafter nothing shall be permitted, on any joyless Sabbath, to break the sublime monotony of our holy melancholy.

Be Good!

NO, you cannot kiss me Sunday, you will have to wait till Monday.
For anything we like to do is now illegal, dear.
You will have to quit your smoking and be careful of your joking.
And coffee after dinner is as dark a crime as beer.

We must give up all our dances and beware of passing glances
That might seem to be flirtatious to some minion of the law.
If you think you should be happy, some old Puritan who's scrappy
Will yell you are a pagan and then biff you in the jaw.

You must never think of laughing or indulge in idle chaffing,
And, though you feel just like it, you must never sing a song.
For the world is growing saintly; if you frolic, even faintly,
They'll lock you up in prison, where the joyous souls belong!

E. S. Van Zile.

BLUE SUNDAY AFTERNOON



OFFICER: Aha! There's mischief afoot!



Mrs. SMITH: Yes, my husband is in—He's enjoying a nap.



OFFICER: I'll have to wake him—



"And arrest him, Ma'am. He can't enjoy anything on the Sabbath."



"THIS PAPER SAYS THAT MILLIONS OF CHILDREN WILL STARVE THIS WINTER IN EUROPE."

"OH, THAT REMINDS ME! I FORGOT TO FEED FIDO HIS CHOP, AND HE MUST BE JUST STARVED."

Give a Thought to Blue

ISN'T it time somebody started a movement in behalf of blue? There's nothing the matter with blue. Really. The trouble is with the reformers.

Blue is a good color, a first-rate color. Blue sky, blue blood, blue books, blue-jackets and blue grass are only some of the good blue things of this life that prove its worth. And true blue—as any popular song writer will tell you—is the one color that gets 'em every time.

We don't care what happens to Sunday, but we hate to see a good color gone—or going—wrong. It isn't fair.

The spirits, so we are assured in the

very latest dispatches from the Beyond (see Albert S. Crockett's *Revelations of Louise*), all wear robes of two colors—to wit, white and blue. So they think well of blue in the other world, too.

Come. Let's get together, ladies and gentlemen, and start a Give a Thought to Blue campaign. Or something.

Our mascot—the Bluebird. F. W.

Looking Backwards

HOWELL: Where is your wife?

POWELL: She has gone to Plymouth to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of her New England conscience.



WHEN THE RUSSIAN BALLET IS SOVIETIZED.

Sunday the Thirteenth

MUST the new morn
Be a Blue morn?
Must we backward turn to find
The kind of day
To while away
The stalwart modern mind?

Must the Sun day
Be the one day
When the sun is banned to all?
Must our play day
Be a gray day
Locked behind a prison wall?

Must the rest day
Be a pest day?
Must we bore ourselves to death
By boding ill
From sitting still
To curb each merry breath?

Must the feast day
Be the least day,
Robbed of all the things we'd seek?
Must our proud day
Be a shroud day
With rehearsals once a week?

Mabel Haughton Collyer.

Daily Quiz

To-day's Questions

DO YOU know:

1. What birds are often found in the air?
2. Who wrote Dickens' Christmas Carol?
3. Why some people have more money than others, and why others have more than you?
4. The number of men who have said "I can either take a drink or leave it alone," when they meant "I can neither leave a drink nor take it along?"
5. Why it is harder to press a law suit than a tailor-made?

Answers to Yesterday's Questions

1. Yes.
2. Some fish swim faster than others if they are in a hurry.
3. Many Americans speak English.
4. Few women go on hunger strikes because they can't have Home Rule.
5. One-third of the college professors can save enough money to buy a good dinner every fourth night. The other two-thirds have had a full course.

"WHAT do they sell in that last garage besides gasoline, father?"
"Besides," my son? You mean 'instead of.'"



If any person shall prophane the Sabbath, by unnecessary Travail, or playing thereon in the time of publick Worship or shall keep out of the Meeting house during the time of publick Worship . . . he shall pay five shillings for every such offence, or sit in the stocks one hour.—From the Laws of Connecticut, 1673.

“Who’s Loony Now?”

Drawn by B. Cory Kilvert



LOCAL GOSSIP

THE folks give a donation party to Parson Whipple t'other evenin' an' hed refreshmints and sech-like and it turned aout to be considerbul doin's. Sophronie Ford hed writ a poem fer the occasion and she read it off. It went somethin' like this:

We all air come a-bearin' gifts,
Some hed to walk and some gut lifts.
To show our love these gifts we give
So Parson Whipple through the winter kin live.

Sarah Ann Bates had heerd Sophronie wuz up to somethin' an' she hein' the Postmistress, an' readin' sech a lot, she thought she would show 'em, so she pulled out a paper, and let 'em have it:

Beloved Parson, we presents bring,
Rich pie, puddin' an' ev'ry thing,
To keep thee fed when snow storms come thick,
So'st you'll hev somethin' in your stummick.

Waal, they sent 'em off to the Rock Hill Bugle an' they air goin' to print 'em pretty soon. The Donation Party wuz a grand success, the parson jinin' in the speakin' without no practicin' in varse:

Beloved Brethren so good to me,
You feed me pie and poetrec.
No lovelier spot hes any leopard
Than Rock Hill is to your thankful shepherd.

(To be continued in our next.)

Appreciation

WE ALL have our pet little talents which we are willing to expose for the small sum of appreciation. And that makes society. If a man were born absolutely without talent and yet enjoyed it, displayed by another; if he could look upon it, not from the instructed critical point of view but rather weighing it by comparing it with his own personal incapability, and therefore register observable appreciation—artistic temperaments would frown upon him, critics would laugh at him, but society would smother him.

Questions That Ought to Be Answered

OUR disabled soldiers, many of them without support and others unable to secure proper recognition or relief from the government, appear to have been forgotten. So fast does the world move, that they have all dropped out of sight. The question arises, Who is to blame? Is it due to the apathy of the people, or to the incompetence of Congress?

If, on the average, there are better writers in England than in America, to what cause is this due? One able observer, familiar with the public-school system of both countries, says that it is not possible to write well unless one knows how to read, because otherwise the value of words is not brought out; and that reading aloud is thoroughly taught in the English schools, but not in America. Is this the reason?

Can Sundays be blue unless they are also red and white?

Part of your last year's income went to pay your income tax on the income of the previous year. While you were paying it did you also save up enough to pay next year's income tax on this year's income? If not, and if meanwhile you are thrown out of a job or lose your money, what will you do? How many people have thought of this?

Say that out of every one hundred business men, ninety-nine are honest and patriotic and absolutely necessary to the welfare of the country as a whole, while one is dishonest and trying to cheat the government. Why should the ninety and nine be made to suffer for the sins of the one?

Man is said to be born of woman. If clothes make the man, why don't the women make all the clothes?

The pessimist is always trying to dig a grave, and the optimist to erect a building. Is it better to have a cemetery or a town?

Political economists are constantly wondering why women spend so much money buying clothes in order to compete with one another, while mothers wonder why nations spend so much on suits of armor for the same reason. Are the two motives identical?

The Next War

FIRST SOLDIER: Then it was a hand-to-hand fight?

SECOND SOLDIER: Sure was. We withheld our fire until the enemy were only eighty-seven and a half miles away.



Bolshevist: CONGRATULATIONS! AFTER YOU'RE THROUGH THEY'LL BE READY FOR ME.

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Miss Blonde: I WISH I COULD AFFORD A NEW HAT FOR THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE.
Miss Brunette: DO AS I DO, MY DEAR, HAVE ONE SENT ON APPROVAL AND RETURN IT THE NEXT DAY.



JANUARY 29, 1921

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THERE have been citizens of these parts who, in their admiration of England and the English, have even deprecated the success of our Revolutionary Fathers in securing political detachment from Great Britain. But the more they read about current proceedings in Ireland the less likely they will be to regret that British official intelligence is not regulating these States.

Mrs. Green, the widow of the historian, came out in the *New York Times* of January 3rd, with a very fervent assault on England, and in defense of Ireland and the Irish. Of us Americans she said that we had illusions about the Irish in Ireland, that naturally enough we judged of Ireland by the Irish who fled their country and not by those who had stayed at home. That was not complimentary to our Irish whom, after all, Mrs. Green does not know any better than we know the Irish in Ireland. Agricultural organizations and a share in elections have helped, she says, to develop a remarkable new generation in the new Ireland. The young men's and women's fervent religious piety, she says, has become merged with a mystical devotion to their country. She quotes a Spaniard as saying of Ireland that it was the only country he had found in Europe where there was piety and no clericalism. She quotes a much traveled American as saying that it was the only country he had struck in which there was no vulgarity. This attractiveness of the Sinn Feiners is not all imagined by Mrs. Green. There is testimony from Americans whose political sympathies were more with Ulster, but who said that when it came to actual people the Sinn Feiners were far more likable.

The Irish in New York, officially dominant for the moment, conferred the freedom of the city the other day on Mrs. MacSwiney. Would that it could have conferred on her the freedom of Ireland. The row over there is between North and South Ireland and secondarily between all Ireland and the present British parliament. It is not a row between the Irish and the English people, nor between the people of the United States and anybody. The Irish in New York and elsewhere in this country can take sides within the law with whom they like. But the government of the United States cannot take sides. It wants damage neither to Ireland nor to England. It wants peace, profit, good will and advantage to both, and wants it very earnestly, and is in a hurry for it. It may approve the present British parliament or not, but it is quite outside of the scope of its duty to express either approval or disapproval of that body and its actions. Any citizen of the United States can have what views he likes about Ireland, and any citizen or combination of citizens can give what expression the law permits to such views, but in that, as in most things, the Government of the United States has an important obligation to mind its own business and undoubtedly it will. For after all, there is a lot of ballast in the United States, and the Sinn Feiners, though they can put out a sail here and there on our big ship, and burn green lights on her deck, can by no means control her rudder.

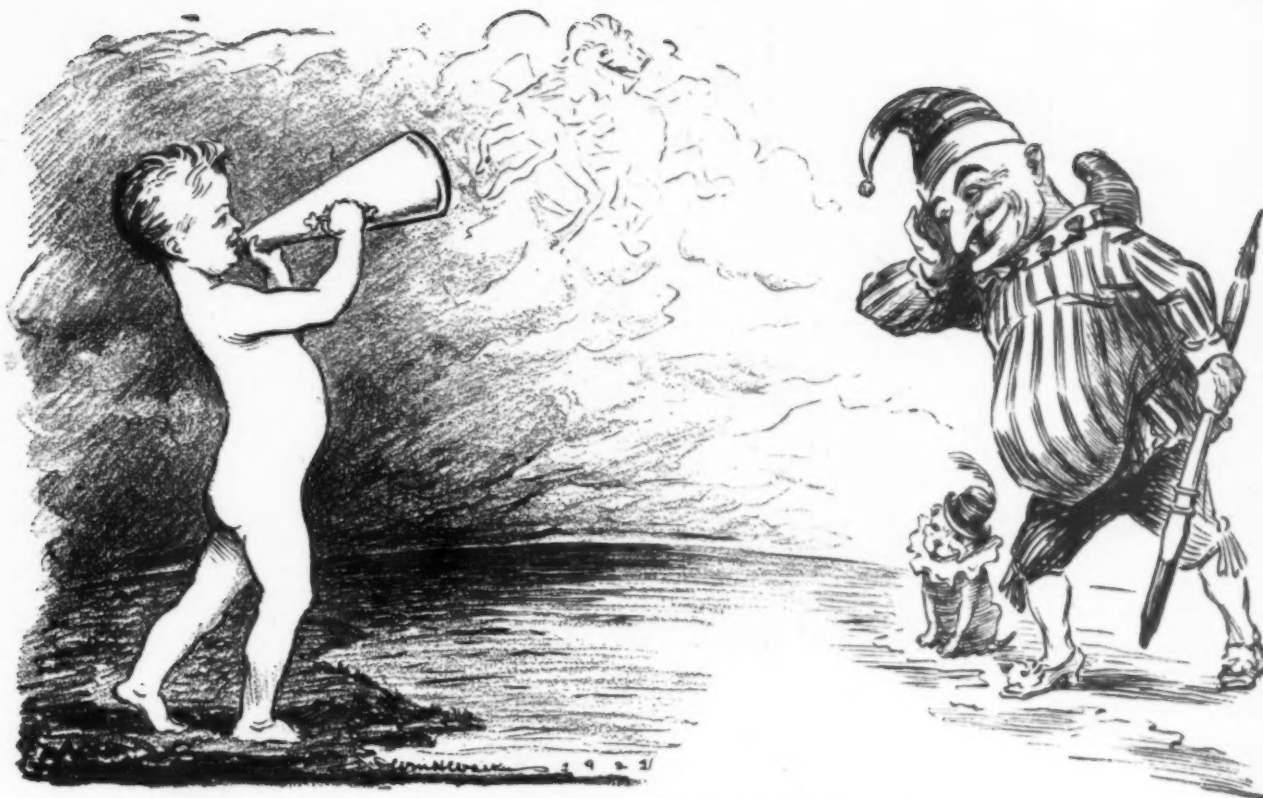


OUR childhood's companion and venerable neighbor, Mr. Punch of London, begins his eightieth year with a discourse entitled "A Candid Appreciation of the United States," whereof the chief topic is this one about Ireland. He supposes him-

self to be on a liner coming up New York Bay and to be asked by an American reporter, "What do you think of the American Nation?" He goes on to tell the American reporter some thoughts he has on that subject, and in the first place says, "What you call America is only a small fraction of the American Continent." But bless you, dear Mr. Punch, no American, reporter or otherwise, ever speaks of the United States as the American Nation. The English seem to do it habitually. At least they speak of the United States as "America," but it is not done here. The citizens of the United States are undoubtedly Americans and properly called so either by themselves or others, but their country is not America by a long shot, though at present it is the most important fraction of it. The trouble, Mr. Punch, as you must know, is that the name of our political organization has five words in it and that is too many for ordinary use, and people take any short cuts they like. When you call our country, "The States" that is a good contraction and does very well. When you call it "America," you exercise a privilege of which no one would deprive you, but it is you who do it, not we.

And now, Mr. Punch, about the Irish here. You say we never seem to get together as a nation except when we go to war, and that though our country is called a melting pot, the aliens that are thrown into it do not melt, but the Germans continue to be Germans, the Irish continue to be Irish and so on, and that we seem always to be having elections and placating one or another of these unmelted factions.

That is all considerably true, Mr. Punch. The people who come here are not divested of the qualities of their racial endowment. The Negroes continue more or less black; the Irish continue Irish; the Germans continue considerably



"WE MAY NEVER UNDERSTAND, BUT ALWAYS LOVE EACH OTHER."

German, and the Italians, Italian. Nevertheless they do change. Some more, some less rapidly develop out of a new experience of life new characteristics. They do learn something of self-government. Most of them have enough to eat. They are apt to improve physically, and those who have not had opportunities for education find them here, of a sort, and usually improve them. The melting-pot does not dissolve the racial characteristics, but politically it does a great deal. If you regret, Mr. Punch, that the Irish in this land continue so Irish, how can you escape from regretting that the population of the United States continues so British? That is what it still is. The majority of the population of the United States is British by descent—English, Scotch, Welsh, North Irish and South Irish. That derivation is what has given the country its language, its laws, its political instincts and the main part of such capacity as it has for self-government. That derivation, Mr. Punch, ties it to the British Isles and their people with extremely strong ties; ties that are as important as any political factor in this world at this time. If you value those ties, Mr. Punch, be so good as to think of the Irish also as British. British they certainly are, and,

judging from your reluctance to turn them loose, you strongly prefer that they should remain British. Who now are these Irish that raise such a hob in this country about the row that is going on between your government and Ireland? Who are they and how did they come here? They began coming here in quantity, Mr. Punch, along in the 1840s, to escape starvation under English rule on one of the most fertile islands in the world. English laws had left them hardly anything but agriculture. There came a potato rot and agriculture failed them and they came here by shiploads, fleeing death. Here they have worked hard, had a fair chance, accumulated property and got rich. Do you complain that they do not look with affection upon the government that their forbears ran away from to escape starvation? Does it mean nothing to you, Mr. Punch, that the population of Ireland has dropped from eight million to four and that there are doubtless several times as many Irish in this country as are left of them at home?

Bend yourself, Mr. Punch, to get the Irish grievances cleared up and the relations that ought to obtain between that country and England installed as early and as fully as possible. It is most im-

portant. There is no other obstacle to close and kindly relations between people of British descent in the United States and people of the same descent in Great Britain that is comparable in mischief-making possibilities to this long and only too well founded disaffection of the Irish for the British Government. Cure it, Mr. Punch, cure it! Get over the idea of disciplining the Irish. They have had far too much discipline. If they need more, let them get it from one another. What they need from the British Government is sense, Mr. Punch, is sense!

You tell us, dear and venerable friend and mentor, that our tolerance of Irish activities here constitutes a state of things so rotten that unless our coming President finds some cure for it, we are "likely to become the laughing stock of Europe." But bless you! To what end do you suppose the United States was contrived? To what, indeed, except to be the laughing stock of Europe just as long as Europe could laugh. The matter, dear sir, of most concern to kind hearts and wise heads over here just now is not how to avoid being the laughing stock of Europe, but by what means—by what strivings and efforts and prayers and aids to procure that there may be some good people left in Europe who can smile. *E. S. Martin.*



Penalty for Professional Gloom Spreaders



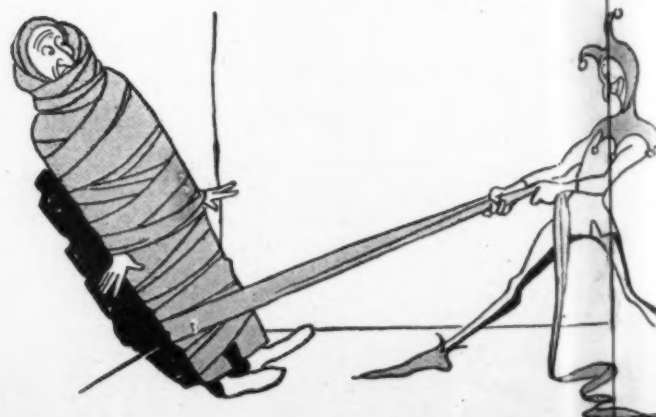
For Busybody



For the man who thinks golf a sinful game



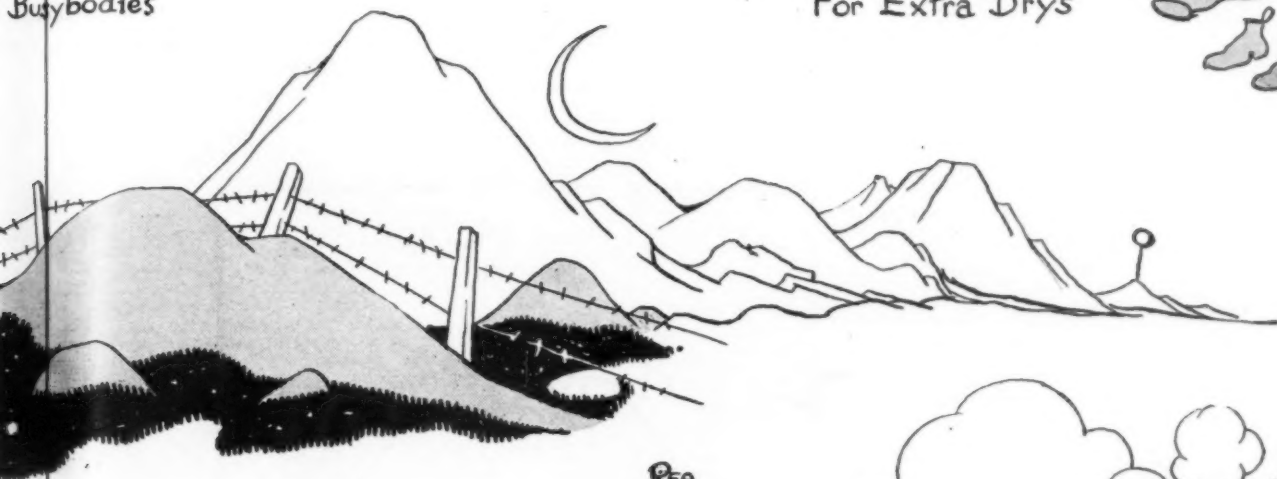
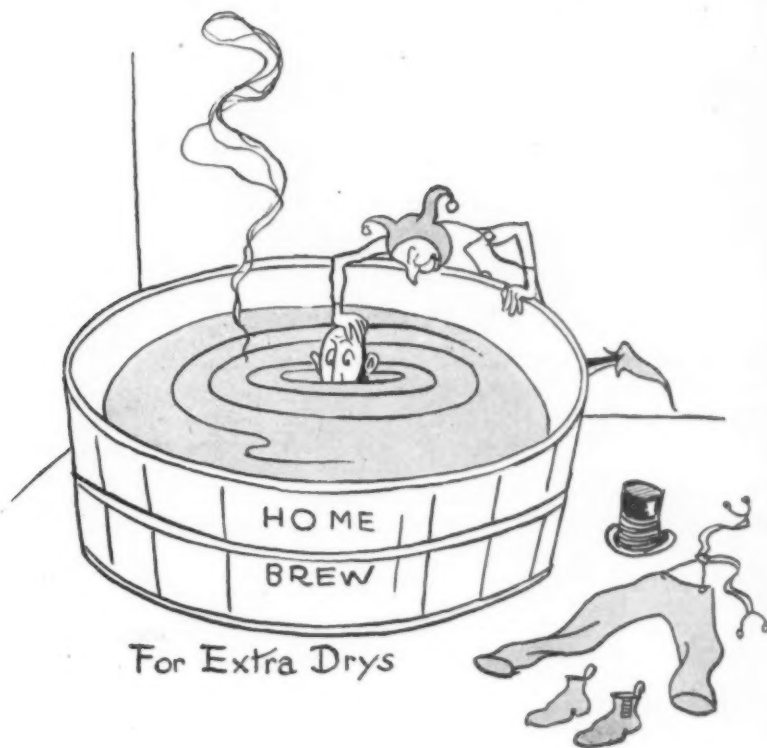
For the Anti-dance Crusader



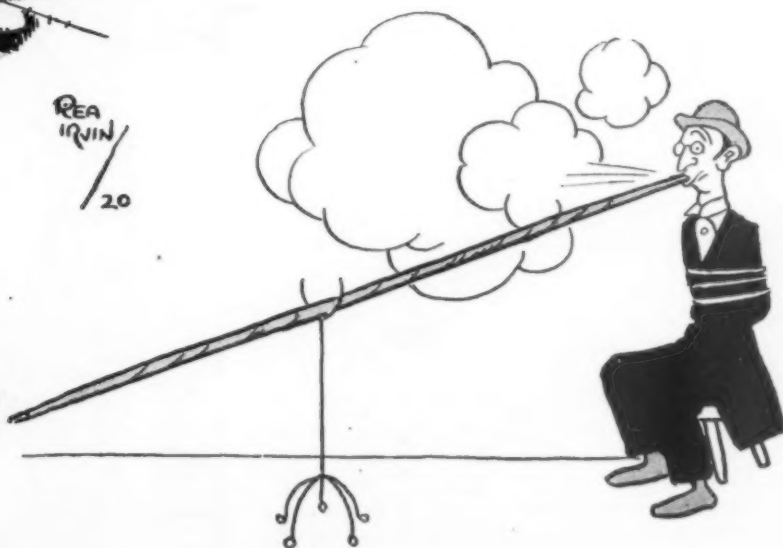
For the Dress Reformer



Busybodies



sinful game



For the Anti-Tobacconist

Drawn by
Rea Irvin



A Little Music

THE revival of "Erminie" at the Park Theatre is probably full of significance considered in the light of present-day musical comedy. It is too bad that it cannot be dwelt on here. It is also too bad that we have not the data at hand to compare this production with the original one in eighteen-eighty something. Things like that always help out a review so much.

All that can be stated now is that, purely from the point of view of a casual fragment thrown off from spinning Columbus Circle into a seat at the Park, it is a darned good show.

In the first place, it contains some real music. There is nothing in the score to agitate the shoulders particularly, but it was written before shoulder agitation was considered an essential reaction to real music. It is music that makes you nod pleasantly to yourself and say, "After all, the old songs are best," whether you have ever heard any old songs before or not. And they are sung by—what do you think? Singers!

It also seems good to be able to understand the lyrics. De-Wolf Hopper is probably the clearest lyric enunciator on the American stage to-day. In fact, he is about the only lyric enunciator. And while the lyrics in "Erminie" will never cause any hysteria, they are so much better than the average musical comedy lyrics that they sound like an orchestrated edition of the Oxford Book of English Verse.

A Francis Wilson is billed on the program as having taken part in the original production, but there must be some mistake. The Francis Wilson who plays in the present cast is probably a son of the original Francis Wilson, and the young man shows every sign of being as clever a comedian as his father. No man who is as old as one would have to be to have taken part in the original cast could lope about the stage, fall down stairs, sing and dance, and above all display that eight-year-old twinkle in both eyes which the present incumbent of the rôle of *Cadeaux* displays.

It must be admitted that the humor of "Erminie" is a trifle redolent of lavender and old lace, and one is tempted to lift a sneering lip and say: "If they thought that that was funny in 1883, what would they have done if they had heard a real joke?" But then one tries to think of the last real joke that one heard in a modern musical show and the sneer doesn't materialize very successfully.

I am unable to speak without prejudice of the return of Madge Lessing to our native stage, for she was the first woman I ever really loved. She was in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the time, and I was pushing seven years of age. Miss Lessing could not have been much older, judging from her appearance in 1921, as, in white tights, she leads the hussars in and out of the gateway to the inn.

It is safe, even for a neophyte, to say that the original production, whatever its merits, had no such beautiful settings as Norman-Bel Geddes has designed for this.

NORA BAYES has a new show all for herself called "Her Family Tree" and its general average is fairly high, as general averages go these days. Most of the laughs go to Julius Tannen, who, between scenes, talks informally about the features of the performance. In fact, some of the scenes might be omitted entirely and Mr. Tannen be allowed to talk right on.

The charm of Nora Bayes as an actress-producer is her ability to kid her show as she goes along, and once in a while in "Her Family Tree" she forgets to kid, resulting in several very dull stretches in which there is nothing to do but look at the beautiful scenery and long for Mr. Tannen. It does seem as if a comedienne of Miss Bayes' resources (and this department yields to no department in admiration for those resources) might get along without the eleven variants on the line: "Count Gorgonzola? That ain't a man, that's a cheese!" And while we are being disagreeable, although it hurts us more than it does Nora, let us mutter a slight doubt as to whether the audience is actually fooled into thinking that the rest of the cast really are overcome with stifled laughter at the star's side remarks. This ostensibly spontaneous kidding among the cast is a favorite bit of business with stars who run their own shows (it is always, you will notice, the star that the rest of the cast have to giggle at), but it is beginning to show signs of rehearsal as the years go by.

"Bugs" Baer, the newspaper humorist, has written many of the snap lines in the show, and with that prodigality characteristic of newspaper writers, produces 1,000 mediocre lines to get one good one. But in 10,000 tries there are ten good lines, or ten more than most librettists score.



FRANK TINNEY IN "TICKLE ME."

REGARDLESS of whether or not you think that Willie Howard is funny, or Marie Dressler bearable, you ought not to miss the Dream Fantasies Ballet in the new Winter Garden production, "The Passing Show of 1921." Personally, these fancy dance numbers usually make me conscious of how warm it is in the theatre, and give me a chance to look about and see how many men really are wearing white waistcoats with dinner jackets this season. But this Winter Garden ballet, as conceived and executed by Cleveland Bronner, is not only beautiful to the eye but, a thing that I never thought pos-

sible in a ballet, actually interesting. The adjective, "startling," has been used to indicate everything from trick bicycle riding to harem scenes in the movies; so it cannot be used here. But if "startling" were a new word, coined fresh this morning, it could find no better sentence in which to make its debut than in a description of Mr. Bronner's series of dances. Perhaps it is startling simply because it is original. Originality is about the most startling experience in the theatre these days.

As for the rest of the show, it is rather better than the recent run of Winter Gar-

den shows. It has nothing that is terrifically bad, and several things which are excellent. Especially Willie Howard's imitation of Frank Bacon.

This should not be considered as an endorsement of the comedy lines in general, which are, of course, frightful. It is too bad that Harry Watson is not given more to do.

A word of commendation must be added for the two very small dogs who came on dressed as a camel and an elephant respectively. They took their parts very well, but it is doubtful if they fooled anybody. Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Belasco.—"Deburau." The sad tale of the famous pantomimist, showing theatrical life in the early Nineteenth century. Splendidly acted by Lionel Atwill and produced without a perceptible flaw by Mr. Belasco.

Belmont.—"Miss Lulu Bett." A dramatization of Zona Gale's novel, showing small-town life with the same wonderfully pitiless fidelity. Every member of the human race ought to see it just to take his pride down.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." Galsworthy's interesting picture of class hatred in England, worth seeing both as an example of dramatic writing and as a lesson. (Everyone decides for himself what it is a lesson in.)

Empire.—"Mary Rose." To be reviewed later.

Frazee.—"The Woman of Bronze." Margaret Anglin's emotional acting galvanizing a triangle drama into remarkable vitality.

Garrick.—"Heartbreak House." A very long but almost constantly amusing flow of satire on what Shaw says is modern England and its tendencies, but you don't have to believe him to enjoy the play.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Spanish Love." Very much the same as any other kind of love, except for the costumes, castanets and a constant snarling among the swains.

Morosco.—"The Bat." More crime than you ever dreamed possible under one roof, with the solution left until the very end when you are being carried out by the emergency nurses.

Playhouse.—"Thy Name Is Woman." Mary Nash and José Ruben in a pretty little domestic scene in the Pyrenees, where they express displeasure with a sharp knife.

Princess.—"Pagans." To be reviewed next week.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Samson and Delilah." Remarkably powerful acting by Ben-Ami, making a rather sordid tragedy of marriage into a memorable event in the theatre.

Times Square.—"The Mirage." Florence Reed in one of those plays about how well it pays to go wrong in the Big City, but how you can't expect to keep the old friends in Erie, Pa., at the same time.

Comedy and Things Like That

Astor.—"Cornered." Crook melodrama of the early Taft dynasty, brought partially up-to-date by one actress playing two parts. As

that actress happens to be Madge Kennedy, the rest really doesn't matter.

George M. Cohan.—"The Tavern." Arnold Daly in the most delightfully insane burlesque ever produced, being romantic drama kidded to death in two acts.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome Stranger." Excellent acting by George Sidney in the part of a persecuted Jewish merchant redeeming an otherwise conventional rustic drama.

Comedy.—"The Bad Man." The Mexican border shown as the lucky district terrorized by a most amiable bandit, played by Holbrook Blinn.

Cort.—"Transplanting Jean." To be reviewed next week.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." There are no more vulgar shows in town and few bigger hits.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A real airplane crash is the dramatic feature of this production, which deals at other times with amnesia, Mexico and secret service.

Fulton.—"Enter Madame." A charming light comedy of life among the emotions of a prima donna. Just as well acted as it deserves, which is high praise.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." Frank Bacon's appealing characterization of the old Nevada hotel-keeper breaking daily records.

Greenwich Village.—"The Beggar's Opera." To be reviewed later.

Henry Miller.—"Just Suppose." Just suppose that the Prince of Wales had fallen in love with a Virginia girl on his visit to America. That's all you have to do. The rest is very pleasant, with perhaps one lump too many for the size of the cup.

Hudson.—"The Meanest Man in the World." George M. Cohan throwing distinction into the part of a soft-hearted lawyer in a snappily conventional comedy of business.

Little.—"The First Year." You may not laugh at Frank Craven's delineation of home life, but if you don't it will be because you have lived alone in an Aztec cliff until just before leaving for the theatre.

Longacre.—"The Champion." To be reviewed later.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a highly successful comedy about chorus-girls.

Nora Bayes.—"Three Live Ghosts." Three war casualties come back to life with more resultant amusement than you would expect, considering when the war ended.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Manhattan as it was in 1810, when young Delmonico was selling sandwiches and John

Jacob Astor spoke with a German accent. May be described as "charming," thanks to Miss Genevieve Tobin.

Punch and Judy.—"Rollo's Wild Oat." Roland Young in a delightfully inconsequential trifle about an amateur Hamlet.

Republic.—"Me." To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Apollo.—"Jimmie." Frances White in a heart-interest play with music. The music is all right.

Casino.—"Honeydew." A score by Efreem Zimbalist which makes up for the book, especially as it is well sung.

Central.—"Afgar." A gorgeous display of Poiret gowns and Delysia. Much that would be just plain common were it not so Frenchy. And some that is not even Frenchy.

Century.—"Mecca." The last week of Mr. Gest's tremendous overhead expense.

Century Roof.—"Midnight Revue." An elaborate but not too amusing array of talent. At that time of night you don't need much anyway. And you can always eat.

Globe.—"Tip-Top." Fred Stone, in company with the Six Brown Brothers and the Duncan Sisters among others, filling an evening with pleasurable sensations. They will be needed after the ordeal of getting seats.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." If you haven't got a child to take, take a policeman.

Knickerbocker.—"Mary." Good music, good dancing and a great deal of speed.

Liberty.—"Lady Billy." Mitzi in knickerbockers and excellent voice.

Lyric.—"Her Family Tree." Reviewed in this issue.

New Amsterdam.—"Sally." Probably as satisfactory an all-round musical show as there is in town, especially if you like Leon Errol and have no aversion to watching Marilyn Miller dance.

Park.—"Erminie." Reviewed in this issue.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." Still holding its own in the face of increasing competition because it is founded on catchy music and a real comedian, Frank Tinney.

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies." Magnificent staging of an original series of pleasantly unimportant scenes, with Savoy and Brennan furnishing loud but genuine comedy.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." The "Lightnin'" among musical comedies.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1921." Reviewed in this issue.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Something to do before the morning papers come.



WHEN THE SUNDAY BLUE LAWS ARE OPERATING

"CUT OUT THAT STUFF! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS?"

The Sunday Blues

HAVING bleached a lot of red noses, the Reform Element now turns to blue laws. They will make Sunday a blank on all the calendars, a vacuum between the Saturday night bath and the Monday morning shave.

* * *

There are fifty-two Sundays in a year and every one of them is on the black list.

* * *

The idea of the Reformatics is to make us Americans a six-day race. They will make Sunday a day of reverent meditation if they have to raise \$5,000,000 to do it.

* * *

A Reformatio is a chap who takes the joy out of life and gets paid for it. He inspects the milk of human kindness and sees only bacteria while the cream is floating by. He believes in law and order. The laws for you and the orders from him. He is for Purity, Perfection and the Payroll. But the greatest of these is the Payroll.

* * *

The Reformatics are our modern James Boys. They want to hold up the trains on Sundays. They're willing to let Uncle Sam cancel the postage stamps if they can cancel the Sunday mail trains. If the Halo Society ever gets its way, they'll make Sunday time-tables obscene literature and you'll be buying Sunday newspapers from your favorite bootlegger.

* * *

On Sunday everything will be quiet, not only along the Potomac, but along the Hudson and the Rio Grande. Even the Green River will be hushed as it flows from source to mouth.

Sunday will soon be as pleasant for a Regular Feller as the fourth of March to a Democratic Postmaster. The Antis have made the Nation dry and now they want to make it dull. They have started a bear movement to make Liberty look cheaper than Liberty bonds.

* * *

Garfield gave us heatless Mondays and Hoover handed us wheatless Tuesdays. The Lord's Day Lobby starts much earlier in the week and is going to give us lifeless Sundays. The only things that will be legal then are prayers and counterfeit coins in the contribution box. The Holy-Polies say so, and what they say goes, with a dull, sickening thud.

* * *

Work of all kind is taboo. Any organist caught playing "The Love Nest" for "The Holy City" will be given an octave of years in Sing Sing, with no discount for good behavior. There shall be no laughter on Sunday, not even when the minister cracks his larynx on a slippery metaphor.

* * *

Coney Island on a Sunday will be between the deep blue sea and the deep blue laws.

* * *

But lifeless Sunday is made to order for the chap with a Saturday-night hangover. What could be fairer than that silence and stillness should prevail, except for the twittering of the cuckoo clocks, as Sunday wends its way toward nothingness?

* * *

Sweet land of liberty! Patrick Henry asked for liberty or death. He got his second choice—he is now dead. Thousands of others have died for liberty. But there are still 110,000,000 of us left and it looks as if we'll get liberty only by going where Patrick Henry went for it.

* * *

If the Reform Ticket steals our Sundays, we might as well give them the other six days and call it a week. Then let Columbia jump into the ocean and let the Star-Spangled Banner float at half-mast!

Neal R. O'Hara.



IN THE ANIMAL COURT

THIS IS HOW THE "HIGHLY INTELLIGENT GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY" APPEAR TO THE "LEARNED COUNSEL" WHO IS NOW ABOUT TO MAKE "THE EFFICIENT WITNESS" FEEL THE WAY HE LOOKS.



Spirit of Prohibition: Get down and give the lady your place.

Drawn by
W. H. Walker

LIFE'S Bi-weekascope



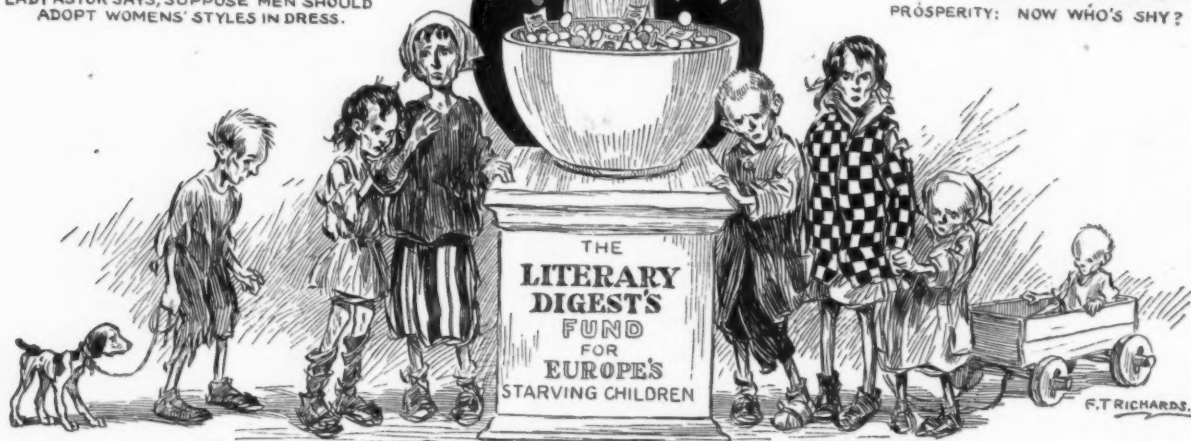
LADY ASTOR SAYS, SUPPOSE MEN SHOULD ADOPT WOMENS' STYLES IN DRESS.



THE PURITY OF SING SING MUST BE PRESERVED.



PROSPERITY: NOW WHO'S SHY?



EVERYBODY HELP.

International Condensation

COLONEL Thomas Wentworth Higginson once described the flood of visiting men of letters which is forever sweeping across the Atlantic, from the shores of the British Isles, as emissaries who are resolved to enlighten us Americans with "lectures in words of one syllable." And James Russell Lowell once wrote an illuminating paper "On a Certain Condensation in Foreigners," one of the most pungent and penetrating of his essays. It has been suggested—and the suggestion is worthy of serious consideration—that no one of Higginson's lecturers-in-one-syllable should be allowed to pass through the custom-house examination at the Port of New York unless he could prove that he had read, marked and reasonably digested Lowell's essay.

Perhaps the custom-house officer who has searched the friendly alien's baggage and his memory ought to be required also to hand him a card containing Robert Louis Stevenson's pertinent remark to the impertinent, that "the pleasures of condensation are singularly one-sided."

In a memorial volume to the late Sir Herbert Tree, his half-brother, Max Beerbohm, informs us that when the two of them paid their first visit to New York, the actor was instantly responsive to the magic of New York. "He was not the sort of tourist who takes a home-made tuning-fork about with him and condemns the discords." That is an admirable phrase; and Max goes on to tell us that Herbert "regarded himself not as a responsible judge, but as a quite irresponsible flutter-through."

Would that the lecturers-in-words-of-one-syllable might all renounce responsibility and flit through the United States, surveying our civilization from a car window as best they can and refraining from judgments.

Perhaps this is too much to expect. Max records that the actors who accompanied Tree had not attained to his admirable attitude. "Almost every member of the company had brought over a tuning-fork." Fortunately, they did not feel impelled to catalogue all the discords they may haply have discovered.

B. M.

Her Eyes—

LIGHTS where fair thoughts harbor,
Darks where sorrow steals,
And a dozen little giggling imps
Kicking up their heels.

A Page from a Blue Diary

SUNDAY, June, 1675—Up with the sun, though I deigned not to look upon its blatant and sinful coloring, and yet I could not lie abed longer in evil laziness. I journeyed into the countryside after a meagre and holy breakfast, but closed my nostrils against the insidious and beguiling freshness of the early morn. How flagrant are the wiles of the Devil! A thrush, heathen foul, burst into a madrigal as I passed, and I shot him with my blunderbuss, burying his carcass lest the gluttonous cat make Sunday feast upon him. With his riotous song stilled, the penitential pipings of the frogs could more clearly reach the ears of wrong-doers and warn them to repent. Passing down the road I met Brother Hopkins' lad, Sam, barefoot, and whistling as he capered most disgustingly through the path. I whipped him into a more decorous countenance, and yet the young fiend reproached me bitterly, even though I saved his soul. It is always thus with the sinful. Reaching the meeting-house I found many seemly and godly persons like myself gathered together for Divine worship, seriously intent upon offering prayers to their Creator. Until noon-time we were there, and listened for three hours to a masterful sermon by Mr. Smires on the Evils of Health. Nothing short of inspired! The journey home accomplished in the burning sun, the true Christian disdaining the soft and languorous shadows flung out by the trees to trap the unwary. A frugal meal at midday. Coarse bread, stale and without butter, is an excellent vehicle for true repentance. Our fervent Christians returned to the church, and there sought each other's counsel, and besought Divine Guidance in sup-

pressing the Flower and Fish Evil. To eradicate the latter it was decided to poison all rivers and streams. This decision made, we prayed again that our way be lightened, and so dispersed to our several homes, content in a Christian day. Again a ribald and obscene sunset greeted our eyes and sought to stimulate our senses, but we steadfastly refused, turning our backs upon it for the journey.

John H. Anderson.

Killing with Kindness

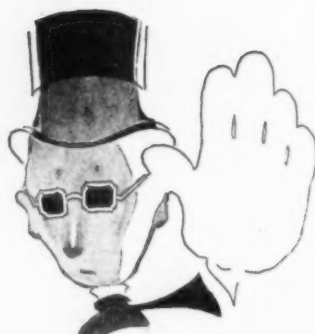
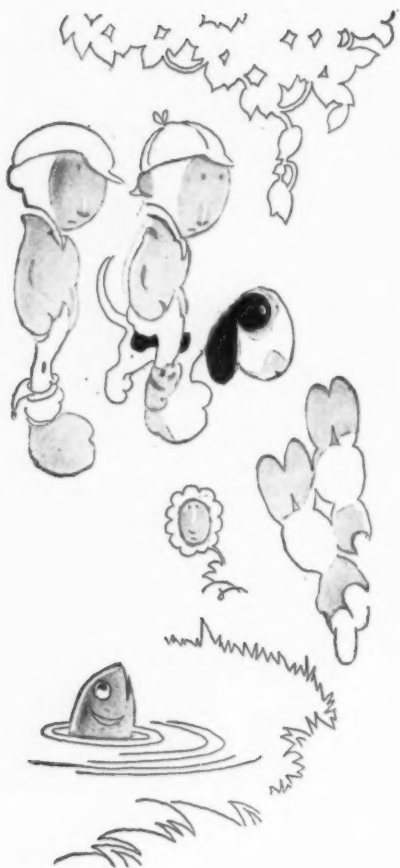
IT appears from an interview given to the New York *Evening Post* by the Rev. Harry L. Bowlby of the Lord's Day Alliance, that post-office employees "have the Lord's Day Alliance to thank for the fact that they have a free Sunday to-day." The Alliance, says Bro. Bowlby, largely brought about the closed post-office on Sunday. If the Lord's Day Alliance really did that, it is entitled to full credit. But isn't it rather tough on the post-office men, after taking the work out of their Sunday, to turn around and take the play out, too?

MAYOR DUFFY, of Olate, Kansas, has issued an order forbidding students to park their cars in front of the local high school of a morning. All the sons and daughters of wealthy farmers in that region drive their own roadsters and sedans, with the result that there has been great congestion in Main Street during school hours.

Evidently Will Shakespeare, who described the school-boy "creeping like snail unwillingly to school," did not reside in Olate, Kansas.



Eastern Visitor: OH, THE CUTE LITTLE DARLING! CAN HE WALK?
Frog-Eared Mike: NO, MA'AM, HE CAN HARDLY SET ON A HOSS YET.



The Blue Sunday Jinx

THE Angler and his rod no more
May fish the well-stocked purling
streams,
But lie upon the mossy shore,
The mockery of bygone dreams.
Nor may the Hunter and his dog
The ever-restless rabbit chase,
But over rock and fallen log,
Play Blindman's Buff about the place.

Full many a Sunday afternoon
Must pass in silence on the links,
While Driver, Mashie, Putter, Spoon
Are stymied by the new blue jinx.
Yet may the living-room be laid
With hassocked bunker, carpet green,
While thirsty man, in crape arrayed,
Recalls to mind a happier scene.

And now the old-time Swimming Hole,
Where happy Sundays have been spent,
Must also pay the Sunday toll
And pass, anon, to banishment.
But those still brave enough to fight
For freedom and the daily plunge
May, under cover of the night,
Resort to basin and to sponge.

The baseball diamond, in truth,
Is overgrown with tangled weeds;
And names like Speaker, Cobb and Ruth
Are contraband, as are their deeds.
So doth Tradition bow to Shame
Before this sanctimonious jinx.
And dare rename our National Game,
"Indoor Croquet" or "Tiddley-winks."
George Mitchell.





"OH GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?"

What the Wallflower Thinks About

WHETHER the man coming towards her is going to ask her to dance.

How hot it is in the dressing-room for more than one or two dances.

Why they don't have a Paul Jones and give everyone in the room a chance.

If she can hang on to this stupid fat man for a few more dances.

That Charley Smith will just have to ask her to dance, eventually—she had him

to supper on purpose only last week.

How the time drags.

What men can see in that silly little blonde over there.

Whether the man next to her will ask her for the next dance or gracefully excuse himself before the music starts.

Why she didn't wear her other evening dress.

How vulgarly some people dance!

What people come to stupid things like dances for, anyway!

Home Again

CHRIS and John had been away from home against their mother's commands and she was waiting for them with a switch.

"Chris, vare you been?"

"Mit John."

"John, vare you been?"

"Mit Chris."

"Vare you both been?"

"Togedder."



SUBURBS: Hang it! I'll miss my train—it's too slippery to run for it!



Whis! Biff!



"Well, this is as good as a taxi."



"Just in time."

Life Lines



*Precept Upon Precept, Line Upon Line,—
Here a Titter and There a Titter.*

IF it takes this nation over two years to make a peace, how long will it take us to establish the millennium?

"Peace hath her victories." She damaged the Hotel Crillon, Paris, to the tune of \$125,000.

The Ovists, successors to the Cubists, paint everything as egg-shaped. How can they afford models fresh enough to pose?

Does the home-run record go to Babe Ruth or to Constantine of Greece?

England expects every man to agree with Lady Astor.

Weren't the great powers matching navies before 1914? It's a dangerous pastime.

The X-ray is now used to tell an old master from a fake. If you think you own a Rubens or a Raphael, keep it dark.

The utter depravity of the early Egyptians has been proved by recent excavations showing that they made real beer as early as 2000 B. C. A law should at once be passed against pictures of the pyramids.

"The aroused conscience" of the race demands deadlier guns and gases.

It requires 96,000 quarts of whisky daily, used medicinally, to keep New Yorkers nerved up to endure the shortage of alcoholic stimulants.

Will the true history of the first quarter of the twentieth century be written by literary men or by alienists?



"ROGER, I'M SUPPOSED TO PUNISH YOU FOR DEFYING YOUR MOTHER TODAY. I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE. NOW, EVERY TIME I WHACK THIS PILLOW, YOU HOLLER."



*Mother: WELL, DEAR, I HOPE YOUR WEDDING TRIP WAS A GREAT SUCCESS.
Daughter: WONDERFUL, MOTHER. JACK IS AN ANGEL. HE HAD TO CHANGE TWO TIRES IN THE DARK DURING A RAINSTORM AND HE ONLY SAID "DAMN" ONCE.*

A craze for politeness is said to have broken out in Berlin. It'll bear watching.

Will it be a step forward when our Vice-President becomes an Advice President?

More precious than rubies is the bell-boy you can trust.

Seismographs have been registering great disturbances of the earth's interior. Our foolish old planet swore off too suddenly.

What do we gain if, by enlarging the diameter of our reform movements, we increase the circumference of our major crimes?

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has endorsed an alleged photograph of real fairies. That's nothing. Our Federal sleuths are continually taking snapshots at genuine spirits.

A movement is on foot to compel all writers striving to depict the situation in

Russia to remain in that country for a period of not less than ten days.

The law-abiding may catch a burglar yet and hold him as hostage.

It's an old-fashioned city that isn't having its crime wave this season.

Perhaps Russia, Armenia or Hayti might be persuaded to accept a mandate over our own dear country.

The Gettites were bad enough, of course, but they were never as bloodthirsty as the Shootites.

It would take a superstatesman to put a date to the average mandate.

No country can be contented until the law and the profits dovetail.

What is the matter with a so-called civilization that requires bread-lines and dead-lines?

Edward S. Van Zile.

LAFAYETTE



Merely to see the LAFAYETTE is to place high estimate upon it. For it is the kind of car the eye singles out in the multitude and follows with candid admiration



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

He Went Right Back

A friend of mine the other day,
Who's been a long, long time away
In some such place as Paraguay
Or China,
Returned. He'd made a wad in gum
Or Chinese hemp, and thought he'd come
Back to the States, where life was some-
What finer.
In quest of mirth I took him to
A place where they sell rare home-brew
(It's ninety proof, 'twixt me and you,
Regina).
Ingratitude, thy name is J——!
No word of thanks the man did say.
He went right back to Paraguay—
Or China.—*New York Sun.*

HE: Where you come from are all the
girls as pretty as you are?

SHE: I don't know, sir—I only notice the
boys.—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*



Inventive Gentleman: I've got an idea
worth thousands—thousands!

The Other: How much do you want
for it?

Inventive Gentleman: Five shillings.
—*George Belcher, in The Tatler (London).*

Salesmanship

"How do you manage to sell so many
fireless cookers?"

"It's due to my method of approach,"
said the smart salesman. "I begin my little
talk by saying, 'Madam, I have called to
enable you to spend every afternoon at the
movies.'"
—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Fatuous

"Women always have and always will
keep men guessing," declares the Wathena
(Kan.) *Times*. "A Wathena merchant em-
ployed a homely girl because he thought he
could keep her. Within a few months a
young man married her for the same
reason."

Got Out of It

"What do you mean by telling Gambit
that a nine-year-old child could beat me at
chess?"

"Why—er—I meant Samuel Rzeschewski."
—*Boston Transcript.*

Superiority?

There is always a market for quality
dogs—the mongrel is hard to give away.
—*Dogdom.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Single current copies, 15 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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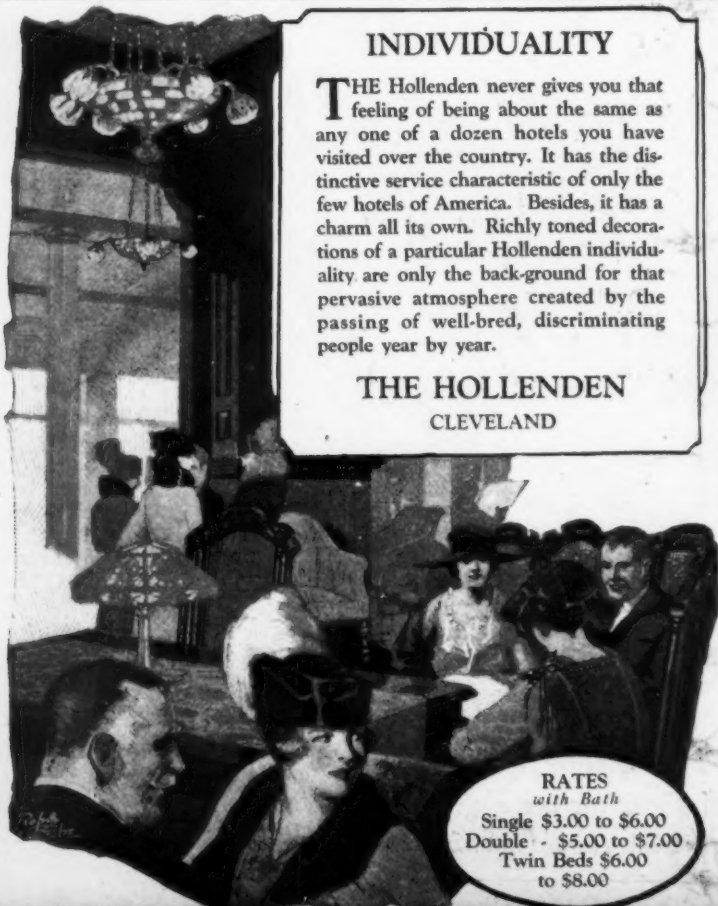
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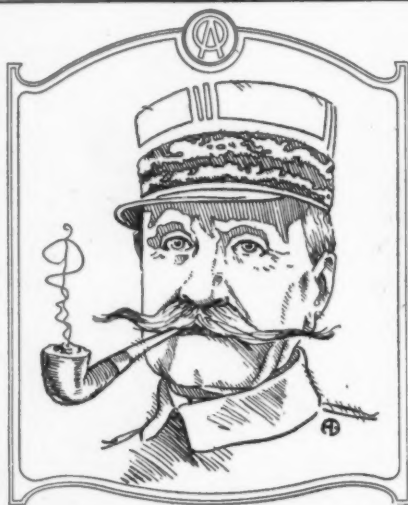
All's Well

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL: The engine seems to be missing, dear.

THE GIRL: Never mind, darling, it doesn't show.—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

THE DOCTOR: You are too well fed. You should give your stomach a rest. . . . What I prescribe is a trip to Russia.—*Le Rire (Paris).*



Marshal Ferdinand Foch, like Franklin or Columbus, goes down in history as a man who ANTICIPATED what was to come—and acted before it happened.

Whether or not YOU will be a success or failure also depends on the advantages you take of TODAY against the possibilities of to-morrow. EYESIGHT is your best asset to-day and will ALSO be in the years to come. Take action to-day to insure its service to you to-morrow. Visit your Optometrist annually for an eyesight examination. If you do not know an Optometrist write us. We will give you the names of several near you. Also ask us for the little "Conservation of Sight" Booklet. It's gratis.

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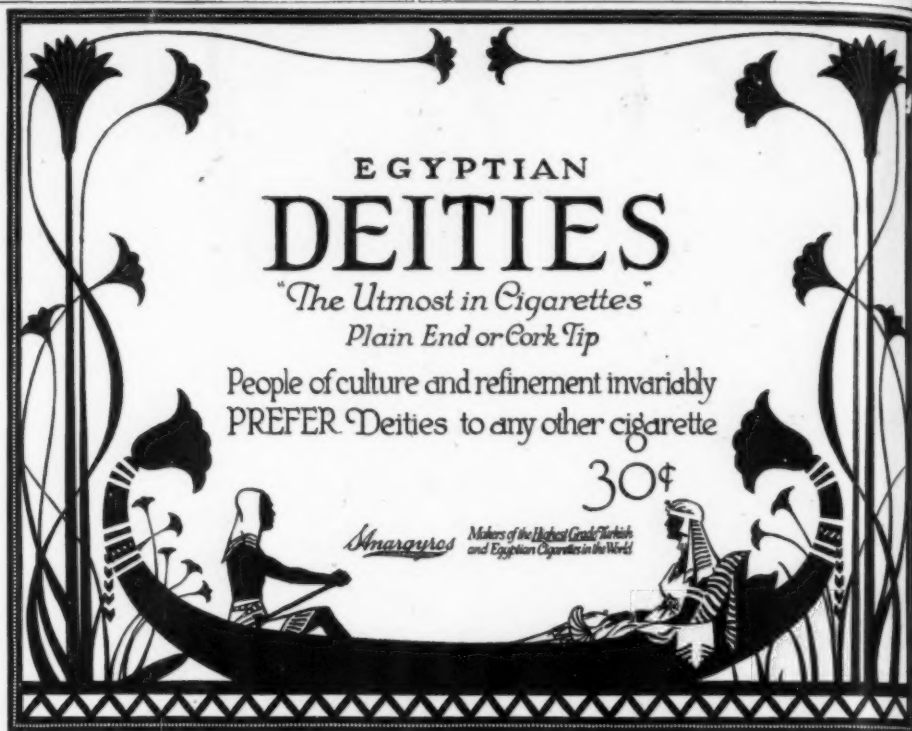
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Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably
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Entitled: Izzet

"Izzet Pasha Reaches Angora with Mission."—Headline. Which suggests the following dialogue between Mustapha Kemal and his secretary as Izzet arrives outside the palace:

M. K.—See who is without.

GUARD: Izzet.

M. K.—What is it?

GUARD: Yes, sir.

M. K.—Fool! What nonsense is this? Answer me sensibly. This is a very serious occasion.

GUARD: Izzet.

M. K.—Certainly it is; dog! Now tell me who waits without?

GUARD: It is Izzet.

M. K.: Is it Izzet?

GUARD: It Izzet.

M. K. (sinking into chair): Izzet?

GUARD (monotonously): Izzet.

M. K. (after a while): It is time we showed him in.

GUARD: Izzet?

M. K.: It is.

GUARD (throwing open door): Izzet!

IZZET: Certainly, it is.

He enters pompously.—H. J. Phillips, in *New York Globe.*

REVISED: "What can they know of Ireland who only England know?"

—*New York Tribune.*

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"Not at all," replied the energetic citizen. "It worried me at first, but I have decided to go right on living, regardless of the expense."—*Washington Star.*

THE question is not what is the country coming to, but when is it coming to.

—*Evansville Courier.*

The **Prophy-lactic**

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A clean tooth never decays—the
Pro-phy-lactic keeps teeth clean

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*that are made
to be cut up*

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These books are not sold. They are distributed by the merchants who sell Warren's Standard Printing Papers. A list of these firms is printed here. The list will not appear in subsequent advertisements. We suggest you make a note now of the distributor nearest your city, and apply to him if you can use these books.



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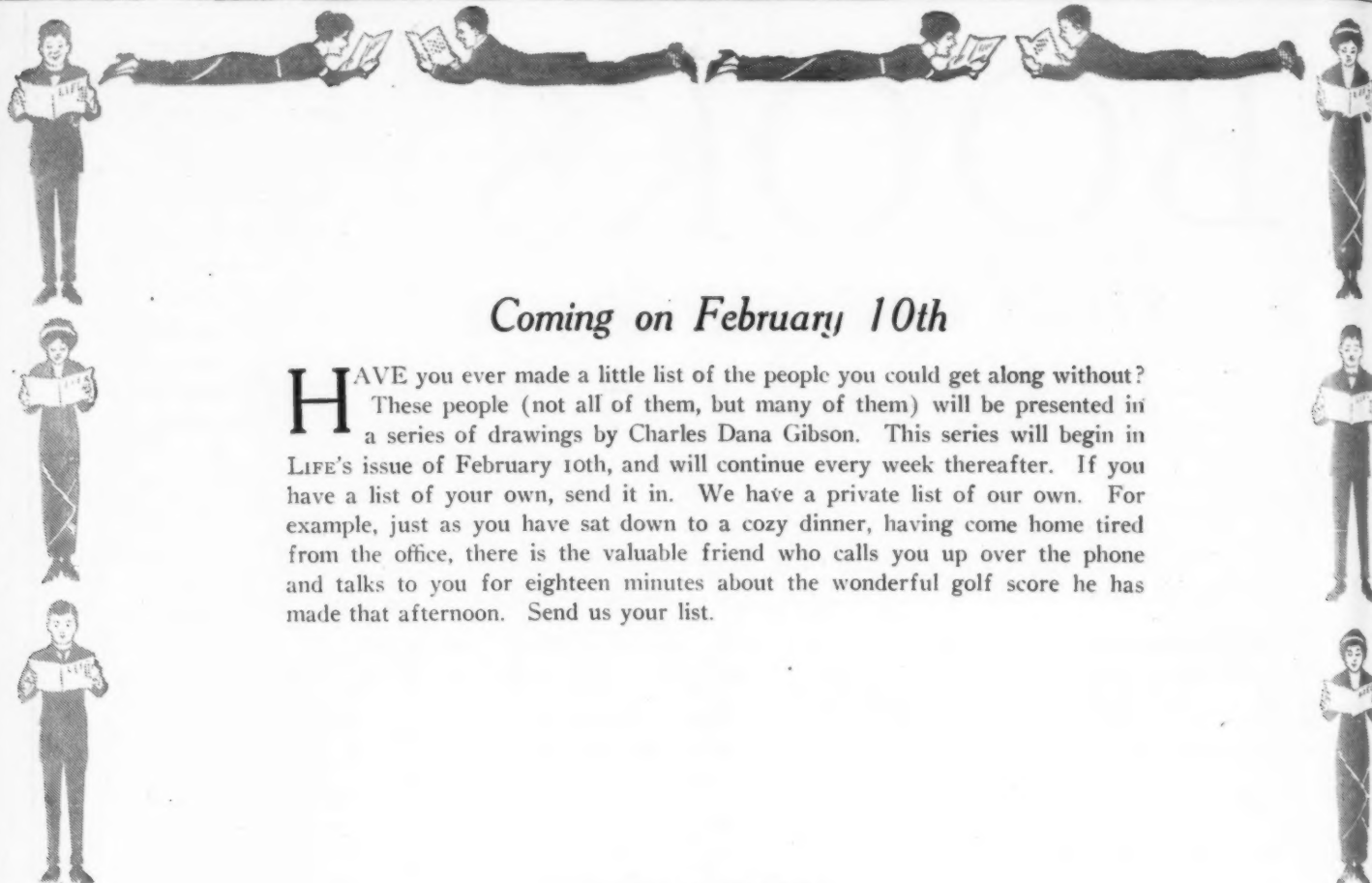


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Coming on February 10th

HAVE you ever made a little list of the people you could get along without? These people (not all of them, but many of them) will be presented in a series of drawings by Charles Dana Gibson. This series will begin in LIFE's issue of February 10th, and will continue every week thereafter. If you have a list of your own, send it in. We have a private list of our own. For example, just as you have sat down to a cozy dinner, having come home tired from the office, there is the valuable friend who calls you up over the phone and talks to you for eighteen minutes about the wonderful golf score he has made that afternoon. Send us your list.

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So that you will not miss Mr. Gibson's series which will begin in LIFE's issue of February 10th, we suggest that you send in your subscription for three months, beginning with the first issue in February, according to the terms in the coupon.

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REMEMBER that your skin is changing every day—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this new skin, as it forms, intelligent care, any girl can have the charm of a fresh, attractive complexion.

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